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BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS,

wing of a turkey, "your judgment is generally pretty correct; and while your pie baked, I cooked up a little plan which I want seasoned

with your opinion."

It happened, as is often the case with wellto-do farmers, that Judge Robinson had, on an
obscure nook of his handsome estate, an oldhouse. He had formerly dwelt in it himself;
but since his more affluent days, and the building of a newer and more commodious one, it
had been let to a tenant, together with a por-

building, with mossy roof, steep gables, white-washed walls, &c. Nevertheless, it was still a goodish sort of tenement, neighbored by of-chard, barn, crib, smoke-house, and the like

The plan which the Judge had cooked up was a proposal to renovate the old house a little, for the occupancy of John and Matilda. As much ground as he could cultivate was placed at the young man's disposal; a garden, in which currant bushes, strawberries, horse-

placed at the young man's disposal; a garden, in which currant bushes, strawberries, horseradish, and asparagus, were beginning to sprout; as also a cow, two horses, and the necessary agricultural implements.

This kind of help—the means of helping themselves—was not precisely the kind they had hoped for But "beggars must not be choosers," said Mrs. Robinson, disposed, womanlike, to make the best of the best; and, in truth, as she thought more about the plan, she began to like it. It would be so delightful to have the garden, and to learn the art of butter-making, and all the other mysteries of country life. Then, too, the baby would have a nice green yard to play in—the idea was charming.

Mr. Robinson told his friends that he should remove to his country preperty for the summer.

remove to his country property for the summer, that the health of his family required it; and that he proposed to take a house in town another winter; a hotel was a miserable subterfuge for a home, and he continued to describe it in the use of adjectives which I shall not repeat

peat

These preliminaries arranged, Mr. and Mrs.
John Robinson removed to their country seat—
in other words, they betook themselves, with
their baby, a very excellent trunk which was
Mrs. Robinson's, and a very poor old one
which was Mr. Robinson's, to the old tenant
house of Mr. Robinson; because, in brief, they

house of Mr. Robinson; because, in brief, they could not do otherwise.

And to this place, as before related, I one evening toward the close of the following May, crossed the meadows to make my first call. John Robinson had been my schoolmate; I had known him in all the devious paths "that led him up to man," and looked with more leni-

A thousand stars were in heaven, when the old gate creaked upon its hinges to admit me; but there was yet sufficient light for an outside observation, and I recognised such signs of thrift and industry as I little expected to meet. The picket fence had been mended and whitewashed, the shrubberies trimmed, the raspherries tied to supporting stakes, and a deal of rubbish cleared from the yard, where the turf now lay fresh and smooth, save here and there where little patches had been broken for the planting of flowers. The glimpse I caught of the high garden beds, straight rows of peas, pale shoots of onions, and straggling radishtops, were no less pleasantly indicative.

From the milk-yard I heard the rustling of hay, the sharp ringing of the first streaming milk on the bottom of the tin pail, and the hummed fragment of a rural song, at the same time. The windows of the kitchen were aglow, and the crying to still it, the while some other task was recognized.

THE NATIONAL ERA IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SAVENTH STREET, OPPOSITE OOD FELLOWS' HALL.

TERMS.

Two dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines inserted three had offer, as well as the hope that we should be advented three th

had felt, as well as the hope that we should meet much and often.

Often of summer evenings, as I sat in the moonlight, I heard the music of the guitar across the hill; and sometimes, when it was very still, I could hear the young wife singing to her baby.

We had soon a little path worn across the

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PAINTENS,
Sixth street, a few doors south of Pennsylvanis avenue.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

THE DIFFERENCE, AND WHAT MADE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLOVENHOOK."

[CONCLUDED.]

When it was baked, the good old lady held it up in triumph. A white linen towel, she had spun and woven, prevented the dish from burning her hands; while she advised Matilda to take a lesson of her old mother—begin right, and not humor John to all his whims, but to always use her own wit when she kace she was in the right—urging that in this particular instance she had, as the fruits of her prodence, the beautifdest pie she ever see: whilst if she had minded "Robinson," she would have had a batch that nobody could eat, and that would have aggravated her whenever she thought of it.

"Wall well mother," said the Judge, as she contained the fauther of the white blanks of the first were kindled on the hearth, the length of it.

"Wall well mother," said the Judge, as she contained the fauther of the white blanks of the former life could have satisfied. The autumn tasks, of putting up and down sweetmeats and pickles, were gotten away without difficulty or complaint; and even avery without difficulty or complaint; and even avery without difficulty or complaint; and even

satisfied. The autumn tasks, of putting up and down sweetmeats and pickles, were gotten over without difficulty or complaint; and even the winter, which she had always heard was so horrid and lonely in the country, was to the young wife and mother just as pleasant as any other season. There were knitting and patch-

less of each other than previously; nevertheless, we had many a pleasant chat and rural game in the broad light of the wood fires.

For the most part, the demeanor of Mr. Robinson toward his wife and child was gentle and

inson toward his wife and child was gentle and affectionate: but sometimes, for he was of an arbitrary and irritable temperament, he gave expression to such coarse and harsh epithets as must have sent a sensitive and refined woman "weeping to her bed." As my presence began to be less restraint, these unpleasant encounters became of more frequent occurrence; and the wife, instead of the silent endurance practiced at first learned to retort smartly these

The necessary preparations were soon effected, and early one April morning the fires were quenched, the doors locked, and the old house left alone.

A handsome house was rented in town, styl-

A handsome house was rented in town, stylish furniture bought, and a half a dozen servants employed; for, with the renewal of old associations and with the ampler means, more than the old indolence and extravagance were indulged.

For three years, owing partly to chances which I need not explain, I saw nothing of the Robinsons. At the close of that term I chanced to be in their neighborhood, and, with some mingling of curiosity among kindly renegation.

which was Mr. Robinson's, to the old tenant house of Mr. Robinson's because, in brief, they could not do otherwise.

And to this place, as before related, I one evening, toward the close of the following May, crossed the meadows to make my first call. John Robinson had been my schoolmate; I had known him in all the devious paths "that led him up to man," and looked with more leniency, perhaps, upon his faults and foibles than I otherwise should have done. Besides, he had, mixed up with idle and profane habits, and aside from his braggadoen and disposition to tyrannise where he had power, some generous and good qualities. Mrs. Robinson, I fancied, must find the old place lonesome, shut from view of everything but wood and meadow, and meet with many discouragements, accustomed as she had been to a stylish and luxurious mode of life.

John I had seen nothing of for several years; but I had heard reports not favorable to his growth in grace or goodness. The wife I had never seen; and as I walked down the hollow, skipped over the run, (still trickling noisily with the spring thaw,) climbed the next hill passed the old oak, quickened my steps through a strip of woods, and struck into the lane leading directly to the door, I mused to myself as trip of woods, and struck into the lane leading directly to the door, I mused to myself as two housand stars were in heaven, when the old gate creaked upon its hinges to admit me; but there was yet sufficient light for an outside that there was yet sufficient light for an outside of the row and then, getting one foot upon the head of a broken cupid that graced a "windowed niche." he challenged my admiration of his boots. The little girl, probably wishing me to know that the was not without accomplishments, opened the piano, and began drumming on the keys; but tha noise drown in gate creaked upon its hinges to admit me; in the boy's voice, a lively quarrel ensued and in the poly soice, a lively quarrel ensued and in the poly soice.

tion of his boots. The little girl, probably wishing me to know that she was not without accomplishments, opened the piano, and began drumming on the keys; but the noise drowning the boy's voice, a lively quarrel ensued, and blows were exchanged with wonderful rapidity.

"Aint you ashamed?" said the girl, relenting first, and looking at me.

"No," replied the boy, "I don't care for her. Ma said she didn't want to see her; and pa was gone with all the money, and there was nothing for supper but half a mackerel and two ginger cakes. And," he added, "I am going to eat both of them."

Mrs. Robinson, as she descended, caught the whole or a part of this little piece of information; and, calling the black girl out of the kitchen, ordered her to bring "them two little plagues out of the parlor by main force."

Dinah blustered, in feeling all the dignity of her commission, and dragged them out, as directed, in spite of the triple remonstrance of feet, hands, and voice.

As Mrs. Robinson drew them up stairs by a series of quick jerks, she told them, in a voice neither low nor soft, that she had a sharp knife in her pocket, and that if she ever heard them talk so again, she would cut off their ears; that for the present, she should shut them up in her room, and if they quarreled, or made a bit of noise, a big negro that was in the chimney would come down and eat them up. But the last and awfulest terror that she brought to bear upon them, was, that she would tell their father.

She presently entered the parlor, with an

less it is to beat them. But he is never home now-a-days."

"He must have changed," I said, "for when you lived in the country he was always at home."

"Oh, yes; but we were just married then!" replied the wife.

How much that sentence revealed; and I have thought often since, that if men and women would continue to practice the forbearance, the kindness, the politeness, and the little acts that first won love, the sunshine of happiness need never be dimmed.

In this case, however, the neglect of these things was not the only misfortune. There are people to whom money is an evil—people who will only learn industry, and moderation, and the greatest and best humanities of life, in the school of necessity. And they who sit down and sigh for wealth, who have youth and health, and God's fair world belore them, though never so penniless, are unworthy of wealth; and to such, adversity is a good thing.

For the National Ers. A SCENE AT SEA.

BY MARY IRVING. . He had been sinking all the day-And when the sun was waning, Death froze to stillness on his lip The mean of low complaining

He was a stranger, on whose check When first he sought the spicy isle

The worn and weary wanderer To rost, and droam the droam of hope Even in the hour of dying!

He woke-to hear the knell of dreams The sky was fair above him; But oh! in all that stranger world There was not one to love him

Came on the west wind's sighing His faint heart leaped to greet it, though He knew that he was dying!

And sleep his long last sleep beneath Ohio's clover blossom! Our cheerless ocean dwelling; He was a stranger—but not long— To hearts of human feeling!

Upon his mother's bosom !

He turned his eye from sea to sky, "Oh! ofly take me home to die!

From any eyes that love me ! But when the second sun went down, His lip was done with fever:

When he was done with wishes— When grumbling sailors murmured low, "Aye! toss him to the fishes!" They pointed to the coal-black cloud Slow gathering o'er the heaven— "Too much on board to bide a blow Good angels, guard this even!"

Our captain spurned the subtle chain Of senseless superstition; There was more kindness in the man

Boside his buried father! A favor to a dying man

Rod fisched the lurid lightning; The foam-focked billows, underneath We dropped from wave to yawning wave,

Our struggling bark immersing: In the brief hushes of the blast,

The blessed stars from heaven! Oh! seldom such another night, To mariners is given ! All night we clung, with drowning clasp,

To swaying, sleepless pillows, And morning brought no oil of peace

With hourse, deep, myriad-murmured The dead man's corse demanding!

she continued, "he used to have Helen in his arms half the time when she was a baby; but now he never touches one of the children, unless it is to beat them. But he is never home now-a-days."

"He must have changed," I said, "for when you lived in the country he was always at home."

"Oh was but we were just married then!"

shall we say of such as these? They will be caught in an evil net. They will fall into a hidden trap, and can they say, "We didn't think!" Yes, perhaps they can. But if they words:

"I have spent the night under thy window, Lucie. Will thou see me again? One word, and I lie at thy feet."

If it were really his Lucie, of which he did not country he was always at home."

"Oh was but we were just married then!"

RANK AND NOBILITY. A STORY-BY JEANNE MARIE.

Baler felt himself keenly wounded. Erika Baler felt himself keenly wounded. Erika had spoken the name that for several days was the source to him of the most gnawing and painful feelings. But there were so many of the name of Müller; could not this be another person? He must have the certainty, and turning to the painter, asked his address, as he also had a view to claim his time. He politely handed Baler his card. And after the Minister's lady had given her consent to another sitting of Seraphine, which was fixed upon, the painter left the received enspecting with what motive the Count remained behind, whom a single glance on the card had convinced a single glance on the card had convinced that the painter was no other than his brother

"Why in such deep thought, my friend?" asked Glöben, coming up to the Count. "Art thou thinking about the house No. 3?" added he, laughing. Though this jest wounded Baler, who tried to join in with the laugh, Glöben observed his constraint, and said, is good humor, "Thou may'st be at ease, I will betray nothing; but thou must soon show me the pretty girl who has occasioned thy reverie."

Erika's carriage was now at the door, and Glöben flew to wait on her. Baler bowed without following. When she was gone, he turned to Seraphine, who seemed unusually beautiful in her new ball costume, and politely said, "Dare I hope to see you this evening at

said, "Dare I hope to see you this evening a Count S-3"

"It is my aunt's wish." "In case you come, I shall be the first to ask you as a waltzing partner." Scraphine courtesied smiling. In the mean time, Glöben re-entered.

"The Countess Eisheim is a splendid wo-man," cried he, humming a tune, "but she is too much of a prude for me."

"She is very haughty," said Baler.

"And cold," added Scraphine, but hush!

HYPPOLITH AND LUCIE

We left Prince Hyppolith much excited at the ball. He had wildly broken away from his friend, mounted his horse, and departed in the night, not caring if they should miss him in the saloon, or if his father, in painful anxiety, should inquire about him; or whether a universal clamor and astonishment should be occasioned by his disappearance. He thirsted for enlargement and refreshment, for a cooling off; and while the air of a cold winter night blew upon his forehead, and snow fleeces hung upon his black hair, he felt happier and better. Drawing up the bridle of his Arab, he galleped out of the gate into the road, hurrying further and further, till after an hour's ride he reached a village. The dogs struck up as the stranger rode into the premises—otherwise all was silent; all seemed to be hushed in deep looks spake, which she cast, like Heaven's merson with the suiter and requirements of the stranger and the suiter and requirements of the stranger and the suiter and requirements. who resolved not to ride farther, but to stay there over night, and breakfast with the villagers. Soon as he projected this plan, he dismounted, threw his cloak over the beautiful animal, fastened his brishers area, and stretched himself on a bench before the house at which he had accidentally stopped. It was a pretty good-looking building, rather prominent amid the neighboring huts. Probably the dwelling of some magistrate or clargyman, thought Hyppolith, for a church steeple was also soon discovered, the outlines of which were darkly visible on the clear horizon. The iron constitution of the Prince seemed not to have suffered from the keenness of thenight air or hardness of his couch. Resting his head on his arm, he gazed at the constellations on high. His thoughts chased sleep from his eyes, and with surprise he heard the village clock strike four. Morning already? thought he; and now perhaps the company in the illaminated selcon of my father are breaking up. Thank God, that I have luckly escaped this constraint.

The images of forms which Hyppolith left there vanished from his tecollection. None was prominent and outshere the rest, none with lively colors engaged his faney. On the contrary, there floated over this chose of silks and colors a light form, that threw all the rest into shade. Lucie' reid he aloud in the lowed, and that he was disappointed of the loved, he loved, he loved, he loved, he loved, he loved, he loved, where he must be shackled and distracted by the more highly gifted; the future gave him no anxiety on Lucie's account to himself the separation as eddess, inflamed him the more. "Lucie!" cried he lagain, aloud, "thou wilt yet be mine."

Surprised, he who resolved not to ride farther, but to stay there over night, and breakfast with the vil-

drive to fown with milk and butter," said Hyppolith, musing.

"What is here?" muttered the man, on percieving the strange horse.

"Good morning, friend," said the young.

Prince, advancing to him. "Pardon me for bringing my horse here, but the animal would not go any further, and I concluded to spend the night in the village."

"Bless,me!" cried the farmer, amazed on examining. Hyppolith's richly caparisoned

Lucie. Wilt thou see me again! One word, and I lie at thy feet."

If it were really his Lucie, of which he did not doubt she must understand him. Were she not, which seemed wonderful to him, the words would remain undeciphered. Lucie and he had together learnt the English language. and were so happy as to occupy the same stu-dium. This remembrance alone must plead

With intense interest, Hyppolith listened to every sound that came from the parsonage house; and when at length the door opened, and a country girl came out, he delayed not

the inquiry—
"Is Lucie Müller awake?" "Yes," was the answer. "The miss is just

making coffee."
"Tell her, my child, there is a mes here from town, who brings a letter for her and waits an answer. Go quickly, child, and

bring me the answer."

Together with the billet lay a costly ring in the girl's hand. Hyppolith did not reflect that his present might betray him, and that a messenger would not have made so rich a present for taking a letter to the place directed. But the girl was more cunning than he— for she suspected that something particular lay hid in the message—put her ring in her stom-acher, and promised to bring an answer right

less to Hyppolith, the maid came back with a leaf in her hand, which he impetuously snatched. There was now no doubt in what situation the pretty letter-carrier stood to Miss Müller, who, on reading the billet, became first red, then pale, and lastly burst into tears. Lucie's answer was in the following words,

likewise in English: "I greet thee at my home, but dare not see thee again. Adrian forbids.

Hyppolith stood benumbed. To be so near her, and yet not see her. Imposssible!

A second leaf was torn out of the letter case "I love thee, Lucie; and nothing in the

world shall separate thee from me, not even Adrian. I must see thee again! Yield to the law of nature which has decreed us for each other, and write me when and where we shall meet.

The second time was the girl sent, and the second time she brought an answer.

when he raised his eyes to the front of the house, while the girl obligingly untied the half-affrighted horse, and led him to the stable to

Hyppolith felt neither hunger nor cold; his cheeks and eyes glowed, as, despite the winter day, a window in the upper story was opened, and the form that had so continually hovered

door opening, and observed a figure coming forth. It was a man, who, with heavy gait and lantern in hand, went to a stable near, took out a horse, and began to harness him into a farm wagen. "Probably the tenant about to drive to town with milk and hutter," said Hyppolith, musing.

"What is here?" muttered the man, on percentaging the strange horse.

marriage; and with the young Princess, his cobe and Honolulu, the foreign candidates were

should bleed more than hers.

Though she could not well imagine why noble, good, and polite people should not love her because they held a different position in the world, yet the comfortless thought came over her with fearful clearness, that Hyppolith was forever lost to her. And when Adrian concluded by requiring a promise that she would have no interview with the young Prince without his special permission, and strictly forbade to the "Weekly Argus." This is the fourth at tempt which the avowed and bitter enemies of out his special permission, and strictly forbade.

and she was alone in her sorrow, it was as if foreign residents at the Islands, I will try to her best beloved were dead, and called her to send you an "Argus" or two. I shall be much her best beloved were dead, and called her to follow him to the grave. Thus for many days, meekly as an angel suffers, did she bear her wee, which none interrupted. No one importuned her with questions, none demanded the impossibility, screnity—and all exerted themselves to promote her comfort, for all loved her. Now, after long tearful days, suddenly broke the auspicious morning. Hyperolith, had been

the auspicious morning. Hyppolith had been there, loved her as formerly, thought not of marrying a princess and leading a splendid life. He had sought her, and she remained to him the most exaited, the most lovely. Oh, him the most exalted, the most lovely. Oh, this assurance, after long, sad misgiving, this dispelled doubt, this paradise restored! What is there more animating, more blessed, in the springtime of life! Now commenced a time of holy joy, of sweet hope, of rich contentedness, a time that in love's remembrance claims the highest place; for this, unpolluted, is the guide of Heaven that conducts to the possession there. Like laceh in a dream she might sion there. Like Jacob, in a dream she migh be said to have seen angels coming and going on her ladder. Words, glances, sighs, ribbons, flowers, looks, conjectures, sufficed to spin out a whole history, to weave dreams of delight. There is a life of fancy that requires much more trivial, yet more spiritual neurishment There is a life of fancy that requires much more trivial, yet more spiritual nourishment than what the sensualist laughs at, and whose language none but the initiated understand. Oft is such fancy-love touched with rude hand, when it shrinks with inconceivable pain, and its bloom fades, it withers, or falls to askes, out of which we require services. "I have given my word to Adrian not to speak to thee. But I dare see thee. I will come to the window.

Hyppelith had but just read these words, when he raised his eyes to the front of the

destroy its colors.

The elergyman's family were not unobser vant of the singular change in Lucie's charac-ter, but they attributed its cause to her pros-pect of soon returning to her mother. TO BE CONTINUED.

LETTER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. MAKAWAO MANI, March 2, 1852. To the Editor of the National Era : Our Hawaiian election to choose representa-

Monday in January. This you will understand was the second regular election the people have held under their constitution. Of course, they need instruction; first, relative to their privilege and duty to go to the ballot box and choose their own representatives: and, second, as to the method of voting. Last year, as no one took any interest in the election, all foreigners being on the full chase of the bauble, wealth, I felt it my on the full chase of the bauble, wealth, I left imy duty to aid the people. I therefore gave them a public talk—told them that God had granted them another and a rich blessing, had inclined their rulers to make them freemen, and to allow every man of them to vote. I assured them that the friends of the Hawaiian nation in other

spouse, would take possession of his father's defated by large majorities. I hope that they balded the least and hence had put off childhood, and that it did not become her to think of him.

While Adrian was speaking, Lucie became her of the house will be Hawaiian; and of the more and more role again. more and more pale; even he felt his blood five or six foreigners, two or three are men of flow more slowly at the glance of the affright-principle, and well-wishers of the native Goved, wounded doe; but it was necessary to in-flict the wound in her heart, though his own meeting of the legislature will be a very import ernment. In this I greatly rejoice, for the next

cluded by requiring a promise that she would have no interview with the young Prince without his special permission, and strictly forbade her to enter into any the least engagement with him, she felt that there was an end to her enjoyment of life.

As long as Adrian was with her she comforted and supported herself with the belief that all would be well; but when he left her, and she was alone in her sorrow, it was as if her belowed wore dead and scaled her to send you an "Argus" or two I shall be much

WASHINGTON, June 9, 1852. Agreeable to a call of the Jackson Demo eratic Association, a vast multitude of persons assembled in front of the City Hall this eve-ning to ratify the Baltimore Democratic nom-

The platform was decorated with transpa-rencies and national flags, and before the open-ing of the meeting signal rockets were fired.

A fine band of music was also in attendance, to vary the exercises of the occasion.

The President, J. D. Hoover, Esq., of the Democratic Jackson Association, called the meet-ing to order at half-past 8 o'clock, when Gen. Robert Armstrong was selected as President of the meeting, supported by about thirty Vice Presidents, among whom were Thomas Ritchie and Amos Kendall, Esqs., and there were half a dozen Secretaries.

Gen. Armstrong briefly expressed his thanks to the meeting for the honor of being called to

preside.

Mr. Ritchie was called for, and expressed his hearty concurrence in the nominations of the Convention, speaking in high terms of the candidates, and then causing a letter from Gen. Pierce to be read, dated Tremont House, Bos-ton, May 27, 1852, and addressed to Major

ton, May 27, 1852, and addressed to Major Lally, in the course of which he says:

"If the Compromise measures are not to be substantially and firmly maintained, the plain rights guarantied by the Constitution will be trampled in the dust. What difference can it make to you or me, whether the outrage shall seem to fall on South Carolina, or Maine, or New Hampshire? Are not the rights of each clearly dear to us all? I will never yield to a clearly dear to us all? I will never yield to a eraven spirit, that, from considerations of pol-icy, which will endanger the Union. Enter-taining these views, the action of the Convention must, in my judgment, be vital. If we of the North, who have stood by the constitued to any time-serving policy, the hopes of De-morracy and of the Union must sink together. As I have told you my name will not be be-fore the Convention, but I cannot help feeling that what is there to be done will be important beyond men and parties—transcendently important to the hopes of Democracy, progress and public liberty." [Great applause.]

the notables addressed by Messrs. Greer and Donaldson, last summer, in relation to the Pres-

were man of them to vote. I assured them that the friends of the Hawaiian nation in other lands would rejoice our hearing this, and I therefore exhorted them to make it a principle always to go to the polls, and in the fear of God to vote for good men. That they might proceed orderly, according to law, I went down to the public school-house, on the morning of the day of election. While the people of the remote districts were assembling, we spont a season, as we had done for many years, in united prayer to God for the conversion of the world. We then proceeded to the business of election. I explained more fully the duty and privilege of all the people in being allowed to vote, and I besought them all to become truly intelligent freemen, and to do themselves homor by selecting and choosing, from year to year, the right sort of men. I also assisted the board of election in the proper discharge of their duty. I remained with them during the whole day, and we had a most orderly election, and sent to the House "one of the best." in the language of Judge Lee, the Speaker, "if not the very best member of the house. So much for the election of 1851. Did I exceed the duties of my office? Was there anything in all this inconsistent with my office as a minister of Christ, and a pastor of one of His churches? If so, the foreigners did not speak of it in way of complaint. They feel too little interest in the result of election to attend or say anything respecting it.

But ere the time of election for 1852 arrived, a change in the prospects of foreigners had taken place. This was apparent as early as Angust, 1851, and at the annual meeting of the The first our sets of the ling of the street, the contract of the line of the low model of which the contract of the line of the low model of which the line of the low model of which the line of the line of the low model of which the line of the